

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1919

"Spooning No New Pastime of Twentieth Century Lovers" SAYS JUDGE WELCH OF KANSAS

"Old Time Couples Spooned Just as Much—Maybe More"

"Not a Crime," He Insists, Flaying Kansas Police Who Have Been Arresting Young Folk for Love Making—Advises Older Folk Who Frown Upon the Practice to Remember Their Own Youth.

By Fay Stevenson

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Is spooning a crime? "Well, I should say not," says Judge Casimir J. Welch of Kansas City, "with the accent on the NOT."

And yet, strange to say, only a few weeks ago in Kansas City a resolution was adopted by the Police Board demanding that every boy and girl caught spooning be arrested and taken immediately to the police station. In fact, all through Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma there have been wholesale arrests of young folk spooning in automobiles and parks. In Swope Park three couples were arrested and taken to the station house and there was no one to take the part of the youngsters except "Cas" Welch.

"I have found," he said yesterday at the Holland House, "that most people forget they were ever boys or girls themselves. Believe me, the old time couples did just as much spooning if not more than the twentieth century lads and lassies. I was a boy once, and I haven't forgotten it either."

Judge Welch wears the smile of youth, the smile of the optimist who has never made a distinct line between youth and middle life. "What's a boy or girl to do?" he asked. "Pretty soon we'll be denying them the right to fall in love and marry. I always take the part of these youngsters and I always shall. While I am here in New York I have made a number of photographs which I snapped myself of youngsters spooning in Central Park, on Coney Island boats, in automobiles and just around the corner from home. They were just good kids, too, with no place to go. Most of them live in the heart of the city, they have four or five little brothers and sisters and the only thing for them to do is to beat it for the open air. The old fashioned sofa spooning days are over. But after all there isn't so very much difference between a sofa and a park bench. I am going to take my little bunch of photos back with me and show them to the Police Board. If New York boys and girls can spoon, I don't see why Kansas youth can't enjoy the same privileges.

"I have written evidence by police authorities here that 'where there's no porch or lawn, there's no place better for spooning than in an automobile or a park.' And I have found that New York's youngsters are about as fine and clean a lot as you'll find anywhere. You can see them arm in arm almost any night, on most any boulevard, at most any time.

"Spoonings is a most innocent pastime for young folks, but if we are going to make a crime of it we take away that very innocence by our own self-made laws. Of course, I do not mean that I believe in couples going about together unless they know each other pretty well. I firmly believe that every mother should meet and talk to the young man her daughter is going out with, and I might add that in this present age of the modern cigarette smoking girl I think it quite as necessary for the boy's mother to meet and approve of the young lady."

"Just a few moments ago you spoke of twentieth century spooning



Pa and Ma went spooning in a little one-seated buggy.

being no different from old fashioned spooning." I reminded the Judge. "Probably the chief difference lies in the fact that ma and pa went spooning in a little two-seated 'buggy' and Midge and Dick take a spin in a roadster."

"Yes, and I wonder if pa didn't slip his arm about ma's waist just as frequently as Dick does about Midge's pretty shoulders," laughed Judge Welch. "You don't suppose a couple are going to get married and do all the spooning afterward. In the old days they used to call it 'sparking' and the best lads in the town went out to 'spark.' Now they call it spooning and would like to have folks arrested for taking a second look at each other. Old fashioned girls knew how to flirt as well as 'spark.'"

"Girls from the best families used to dress up in laces and ribbons and cameo pins and go down to meet the city train at the depot. They would go in giddy little groups and smile at every salesman or 'drummer,' as they called him, who stepped off the train. It was perfectly all right and they had a jolly good time. Many a little town girl has wedded a city chap and had a mighty fine life, where she might have remained a spinster in her own home town all the days of her life if she hadn't dressed up with Sadie and Sally and Susie and gone down to see the city train come in."

"That part was all right, but now that Sadie and Sally and Susie are mature women with young lady daughters, don't let them forget about those girlhood days. If we can only make the men and women of today look back to their own youthful days there will be less 'ohing' and 'ahing' every time they see a spunky couple on a park bench or a little roadster spinning by, the driver with one arm on the wheel and the other around little Sadie or Sally or Susie."

"To see one hundred girls put the finishing touch to what in the beginning had been to them only a patriotic task, by marrying the men who had been their best dancing partners, is certainly something quite exceptional, but then the matchmaking of Mrs. Bass has been of no ordinary character."

Her undertaking, shortly after the United States entered the war, the task of furnishing wholesome entertainment for thousands of soldiers and sailors who were passing through New York with only a few days between their arrival and departure, was the thing that started the dances at which these men and maidens met. To make the parties successful Mrs.



While the swimming season outdoors soon will be over for all but the hardier bathers, in the still water of the pools the new fad of serving tea will be continued as shown in the above photograph.

"Swimming Tea" Season's Fad

WHILE the swimming season outdoors soon will be over for all but the hardier bathers, in the still water of the pools the new fad of serving tea will be continued as shown in the above photograph. At some of the pools at the various beaches tea is now served in mid-afternoon, the bathers trying the stunt of managing tray and cups in the pool's centre where the water is deepest.

The Evening World Daily Magazine

Found Wives for 100 Doughboys

Mrs. James Madison Bass, Entertaining Returned Soldiers for N. Y. W. C. C. S. at Pershing House, Found Targets for Cupid—and Cupid Did the Rest.



MRS. JAMES MADISON BASS. PHOTOS BY GILBERT SERVICE.

ON the floor were dozens of dancers who were foot-trotting to a thunderous tune from the band that was stationed at one end of the big room. All the men present were in uniform, being Gobs and Doughboys. The affair was a strictly "khaki and blue" entertainment.

Looking on from a point of vantage, smiling approval, and now and then nodding to this or that couple, was a middle-aged matron of dignified and pleasing appearance, which introduced Mrs. James Madison Bass.

For nearly two years, as head of the Social Work of the New York War Camp Community Service, she has been acting as chaperone to many such parties, during which time she has played the gracious hostess to above half a million young people.

Although some of her sex have become noted as matchmakers, probably no woman has ever been instrumental in making so many matches as Mrs. Bass. Cupid has found an amazing number of easy targets under her genial patronage. She has never actually started out to promote romances, but they have developed nevertheless as a natural outcropping of her work, and on account of her marvellous ability in getting young people acquainted. That is all Cupid asks.

The introduction over, he is usually capable of stepping in and doing the rest—then wedding bells. Although no accurate record has been kept by Mrs. Bass of the many romances which have budded and bloomed successfully under her chaperonage, it is known that over one hundred marriages have resulted and many more are only a question of time, ways and means.

To see one hundred girls put the finishing touch to what in the beginning had been to them only a patriotic task, by marrying the men who had been their best dancing partners, is certainly something quite exceptional, but then the matchmaking of Mrs. Bass has been of no ordinary character."

Her undertaking, shortly after the United States entered the war, the task of furnishing wholesome entertainment for thousands of soldiers and sailors who were passing through New York with only a few days between their arrival and departure, was the thing that started the dances at which these men and maidens met. To make the parties successful Mrs.

Bass had, of course, to command a corps of pretty young girls whose charm and vivacity and intelligence would win the interest of the uniformed guests. College girls were selected, because, as Mrs. Bass said, "nothing was too good for these men." She compiled a list of 3,000 names to be the recipients of dance invitations once or twice a week.

When the dances were started, nobody thought of benefiting anybody but the man. But women have a way of getting the homely habit of self-sacrifice onto the right side of life's ledger and gradually these merry gatherings came to be looked upon as double duty dances, of mutual advantage to girls and men.

"The Girls Set the Standard" is the motto Mrs. Bass originated for these parties, and in American social life it was something entirely new, for even we are a democracy, class distinctions are drawn in the United States as elsewhere. But at the dances, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Bass, the men are not picked. Their uniform is the only pass required, and all kinds come, the son of the millionaire and of the humble shoemaker. But the fact that a majority of the bridegrooms so far have been college men, who had enlisted as privates, is a commentary on the way like selects like after all.

While all class distinctions have been cast aside at the dances, under the direction of Mrs. Bass, all the girls that have been permitted entrance are very carefully chaperoned. They must be personally known to Mrs. Bass and her staff. This does not mean a casual knowledge, but a genuine one, so that there can be no opportunity for the wrong type of girl to meet the returning men.

No girl is allowed to attend any of the dances held in Pershing House, where most of the functions take place, who uses rouge or lip stick. A short time ago a French General visited one of the dances, and quite

spontaneously observed the uniform wholesomeness of the girls.

Hundreds of letters have been received by Mrs. Bass and her assistants from the countless numbers of soldiers who have attended the social functions at the house, telling how well they remembered the nice girls they had talked to and danced with there.

In one instance, a soldier going to France requested his family to invite a girl to whom Mrs. Bass had introduced him to visit them in Alabama. His parents wrote to Mrs. Bass asking about the young woman. As a result, the girl visited Alabama, made a favorable impression with the parents, and married the young soldier immediately upon his return from over seas.

Just recently Sergt. F. W. Ryan, a wounded hero of the Argonne, not only met his prospective bride in Pershing House, but at the suggestion of Mrs. Bass, who had brought them together, married her there. He went to war with the old Sixty-ninth Infantry. He was invalided back to the U. S. A. after recovering from the first serious phases of painful wounds caused by high explosive shells, and was a patient in a military hospital near New York. Several weeks after his arrival home he was well enough to visit Pershing House and later, surrounded by his old buddies who had fought beside him in France, he married a New York beauty, Miss Ethel Ehrman.

Another unique wedding at Pershing House which Mrs. Bass, the matchmaker to half a million, brought about, was that of Private Ernest Ferreira and Miss Pauline Donahue. While spending his days of convalescence at Pershing House, Private Ferreira met at one of the dances the one girl in the world for him, who happened at that time to be acting as a volunteer Red Cross nurse.

So it goes down a long list of their



ROMANCES UNDER THE CHAPERONAGE OF MRS. BASS.

"From some of the girls who have been coming to these parties," Mrs. Bass told the interviewer, "I have learned that there are in New York, and I do not doubt that that matter in every one of our big cities, thousands of clever and charming girls who are willing to endure hardship or hunger if only they can achieve success in their chosen line of work. It was a revelation to me to learn that loneliness is the price most of them must pay for such success."

"Many of these girls come from small towns where their own brothers and the neighbors' boys have been their playmates from childhood, and one of the hardships of city life has been that they have had to do without the companionship of their own kind of men."

"I want to see some American institutions erected where the well educated girls who are alone in our great cities can meet young men and young women of their own kind. These young people constitute the brains and the backbone of our country, and there is no other country in the world where they are so isolated as here. They include on the feminine side the specialized secretary, the artist, the writer—ambitious girls who want to do something with their talents. This class is distinguished by a combination of breeding and education. Most of them are college graduates. To meet people they must be introduced by a mutual friend. After they have been in New York or any other large city a little while it dawns upon them that the bigness of the town prevents them from knowing their own kind, even though they touch elbows with them."

"Some extraordinarily frank ones have admitted to me that they have concluded that the only success worth having must take love into account, and that many a girl who goes about wearing an air of a big career has plenty of time for solitary soliloquy about the price she is paying for that success. Some of the girls had to work their way to the top in big jobs to discover that no position and no salary is important enough to warrant the exclusion of the nearer and more human elements from life—romance and love."

RANDOM FACTS. South Australia's production of 5,322,166 gallons of wine the past season established a new high record and was an increase of more than 80 per cent. from the preceding year. A tree producing coffee said to be free from caffeine has been discovered in Madagascar.

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"Poor Endings"



By Neal R. O'Hara

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CARNEGIE claimed it was a sin to die rich. Well, it may be a sin, but it's no crime—that's OUR claim. Only one way a guy can die rich these days—anyway, by ducking the meat and grocery bill. You die of starvation over that route.

People that died twenty years ago missed a lot. Inheritance tax, for a thing. Costa Living and Costa Ric were about the same size then. They paid no attention to either. Costa's living's been going up since then, break-down.

Costa Rica's been going round, we should judge, from the number of revolutions they've had there.

There are a couple good ways of dying poor. First and easiest way is not to get rich. But if you pile up more jack than a greyhound can jump over, you've still got a chance for post mortem bankruptcy. You take \$20,000, say, and go into a Broadway restaurant. You can announce it's gonna be your last meal. And if \$20,000 is all you've got in the world, that's just what it's gonna be—your last meal. Unless you can raise \$15,000 for breakfast.

Dying poor may be popular with some folks, but it isn't with your heirs. That's not to say a guy who dies poor won't be remembered. He WILL be. He'll be remembered by Those Who Failed to Collect. With reverse English.

When we cash out, we expect to leave a library. Also a living room, bedroom and kitchenette. We also want to leave a large bunch of money—no big it looks like a war debt but still won't start a fight. Want folks to say our will was the best thing we ever wrote.

That's a high ambition, but the only thing that'll stop us is money. Also hope our example will encourage a couple of rich uncles that are now considered Poor Risks. That is, by the insurance companies. A rich uncle, to us, is never a poor risk. While there's life there's hope; and after uncle dies there's still hope—at least till the will is probated.

Live and leave—that's our motto for rich uncles. And the more they leave, the quicker they can leave it—if it's all the same to them. Before this die-poor idea got circulated, it used to be presumed that the kale would go to kith and kin.

Statistics show there's one worm every minute, but the lawyers who on the other end. One's gotta die very minute to make it a good season; the probate sharks. And they took the law off suicide. New w's says a self-stopper can be judged a disturbing the peace, but that's all.

But anyway, it's a gay world. At it's our idea that a guy that goes for grave without leaving his million to the Direct Heirs is a piker. Near relatives oughta get more than 2.75 per cent. of the estate—we'll leave that to anyone. Yup—that and 97.25 per cent. more.

One of the lawyer's best tricks is helping a guy to die poor. He can't finish the job before the clerk kicks off, he does it right after. And, so far as the heirs go, the guy DOES die poor. Fact that a good die young doesn't worry the worm—in any way.

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So Laclede is planning: stinging, shouting, handshaking and music and much oratory followed by a fried chicken dinner "on the ground" when Johnny's in town.

The Pershing family will reunite after the celebration. James Pershing, a brother of Chicago; their two sisters, Miss May Pershing and Mrs. Bessie Butler of Lincoln, Neb., will meet again in the old Pershing home, here.

"Aunt" Susan Hewett, who baked apple pies for the General when he was a barefoot boy, will be a guest. "Aunt" Louise Warren, who officiated at the birth of Pershing, and first bathed and clothed him, will be another guest of honor. George F. Davis, aged resident of Quincy, Ill., will be another honored guest. Davis gave Pershing's father his first job in Laclede—that of section boss. Prof. Smith of Chillicothe, Mo., the living member of the committee giving examinations when Pershing won his appointment to West Point, also will be a guest. Nearly a score of boyhood chums will attend.

Secretary of War Baker and Governors of Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Illinois, Oklahoma and Arkansas have been invited.

—Boston Transcript.

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